

UNDELIVERED.

Continued Division of the
Tilton-Beecher Jury.A Quiet Sabbath at the Brook-
lyn Court House.

THE JUDGE IN CHAMBERS

Anxious Watchers of the
Jurors' Movements.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF REMARKABLE JURIES.

Captain Duncan and Superin-
tendent Bell Speak.Mr. Beecher on a Multitude
of Witnesses.

THE WORK OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

Yet another day has past and gone and still the issue raised in the scandalous suit of Tilton vs. Beecher remains undetermined. Whether there ever will be any positive and decided result reached, now more than at any other time, is one of those problematical propositions which every hour becomes more difficult to answer. It would seem, however, that considering the long period during which the jury have been out of court—since Thursday, one P. M.—precludes any hope that a verdict for either side will be returned. Then, again, should there be a verdict rendered it will, doubtless, be a question of no little moment, and, at the same time, one somewhat difficult to answer, whether the decision arrived at was not brought about more by physical suffering and exhaustion rather than by calm deliberation, honesty of conviction and mental reasoning. The jury have for many weary months been listening to the testimony produced in the case upon which they are bound, according to their oaths, to find a verdict, if any, and must have doubtless long ere this formed an opinion each and individually as to the merits of the issues presented before the plaintiff and defendant. It is therefore somewhat difficult to understand the necessity for such a protracted conference on their part unless it is, as some people argue, that the majority will not agree to go into court and announce the improbability or impossibility of an agreement, and that the minority are unwilling to give way and inform the Judge of the condition of affairs among them. In fact, from all that can be learned, the fact in the matter appears to be that both sides are obstinate and determined to force an agreement, although at the same time both factions have made up their minds not to budge from the position they have assumed. This promise

A DEADLOCK which may be continued for an indefinite time. The Judge still continues of the same mind to send no communication to the jury, but to await some initiative action on their part. Should they, however, at any time notify him that they cannot agree, there is every reason to believe that he would at once discharge them, being thoroughly convinced that keeping them longer together would be useless.

The partisans of both the plaintiff and the defendant are already satisfied that the final end in this case must inevitably be a disagreement, and they are now simply discussing the question as to the way the jurors will be found divided in their opinion. The general public are unquestionably satisfied that the result of the present proceedings will be of no practical benefit in a legal sense, although morally they have served to show up both the principals in their true colors, and should the jury fail to give a unanimous decision, or even should they do so, there will undoubtedly be a verdict rendered by the great court and jury composed of the masses of the people by which the

GRAVE QUESTIONS OF MORALS involved in the case have already been tried, argued and deliberated upon. What the public decision will be a short time will suffice to show; but, no matter which way it may tend, it will be definite and irrevocable. There can be no appeal from such a tribunal, and the sentences have been pronounced and recorded in the history of the times as a warning and example to succeeding generations, while the lesson taught cannot but operate to the improvement and elevation of the morals of the people of to-day. There must undoubtedly for some time exist a feeling of insecurity and want of faith in all social intercourse, which has been brought on by the uncertainty and doubt first engendered by this great scandal; but the result will be in the end, and at no distant day, the production of a healthier tone and a higher standard of morality among all classes of the community.

THE PUBLIC STILL ANXIOUS. Although it might be inferred from the fact that yesterday there were but comparatively few persons visiting the Brooklyn County Court House, and that the public interest in the result of the six months' inquiry is abating, yet it must be borne in mind that it was the Sabbath, when all men rest from their labors. Besides this fact, the order issued by Judge Neilson on Saturday night, that no one should be allowed to enter the Court House during the day unless the jury should formally enter the room to announce the result of their long deliberation, naturally operated to deter people from an attempt on any extended scale to gratify their curiosity, for they knew by late experiences that to be compelled to walk outside on the streets under the scorching rays of the sun, without an opportunity to secure shade, is not the pleasantest occupation in the world. That they did wisely in staying away, all those who were compelled to be on the watch can testify to.

Elsewhere is given an account of the perfect manner in which the Plymouth folks have ordered and systematized their operations. In fact, it will be seen that they have even called in the aid of science to assist them by subjecting the electric telegraph to their command. It will also be noticed that they are prepared at any moment to send hundreds of their partisans to the Court House, so as to fill the court room at any given moment, in order to sustain by their presence their chief prophet and leader. A system of establishing sentinels at certain points has also been adopted, so that no one should be allowed to enter the Court House during the day unless the jury should formally enter the room to announce the result of their long deliberation, naturally operated to deter people from an attempt on any extended scale to gratify their curiosity, for they knew by late experiences that to be compelled to walk outside on the streets under the scorching rays of the sun, without an opportunity to secure shade, is not the pleasantest occupation in the world. That they did wisely in staying away, all those who were compelled to be on the watch can testify to.

It was a matter of genuine satisfaction that the court was kept closed yesterday, as it prevented poor Mrs. Beecher from indulging her sympathetic and truly heroic and womanly interest in her husband's fate at the expense of her health. Through all the fatigue and anxiety of the past few days—which has been beyond the endurance of strong men—she, faithful, trusting, lovingly until the end, has sat patiently in her place in the pestilential court room waiting, hoping—praying, no doubt, for her husband's final acquittal. To many minds this is the great contrasting feature of the trial. No evidences of trifling with the importance of the issue are observable in the conduct of Mrs. Beecher. When her husband laughs and jokes the loudest, she looks grave and sad and concerned. Not that the element of confidence is wanting, but rather

in her conduct attributable to her womanly dislike to law suits and court room scenes, and her full realization of the ostracism which must come to her and hers if that ticklish oracle of modern times,

THE FURTHER JURY, should convict her of the crime of adultery. Innocent as she is, no doubt, believe him to be, there can be no doubt in the mind of a lady familiar with society as to the dark and trying hours which will loom up in the future. The curious features of that great social undercurrent which has swept off on its tide greater names than that of Henry Ward Beecher, which has consigned to seclusion, in the midst of the greatest commercial centres, prominent men, are quite familiar to Mrs. Beecher. A disagreement, not unlike the Scotch verdict of

"NOT PROVEN," will never satisfy her or atone for the days of suffering and mental worry indescribable which she has gone through since this interminable trial began. No longer ago than Saturday, when Mr. Beecher found time to go to Peekskill to visit his farm, she had heart for nothing save to come to the court, where she might the better sit and hope for triumph. With such a nature as hers this trial is no laughing matter, and, if the long trial shall prove nothing in the case at issue, it will at least demonstrate to the world, what his friends must have known long ere this, that Henry Ward Beecher has a true and loving wife, who was worthy all his attentions, all his affection. Certain it is that no more ideal companion at a time of great tribulation and sorrow was ever raised up for any living man. Aside from the cruel, inexorable dictates of justice, feelings of humanity would inspire the hope that her long suffering should be rewarded in the way she most desires.

AROUND THE COURT HOUSE. The vicinity of the court house yesterday morning was probably the most lonesome locality in the city of Brooklyn. Except a few individuals in the great crowd which for the past week has besieged the court room doors or lounged in the City Hall park had disappeared. Aside from the newspaper men and the representative counsel for both sides no familiar faces were to be seen. It appeared as if several hundred persons, who, for the past five months, have literally subsisted upon the air in the court house, had suddenly discovered a mission in life which had for its motive something else than idle curiosity. Their absence argued that these representatives of New York's and Brooklyn's "leading" population, who, when others rested, and were devoting the sacred day to some mysterious industry by which they could keep alive their poor scandal-craving bodies for another week. Such a surmise applies, of course, only to the more humble portion of the crowd. It would be ridiculous to intimate that the "world men" who have danced such constant attendance on the trial had done anything more than to attend Plymouth church to hear how the great preacher would treat some new point of moral or religious doctrine, and then spend the afternoon at the home of some faithful brother in the streets adjacent to the seat of justice.

READY FOR EMERGENCIES. It has transpired within the last few days that the houses of nearly all the devoted friends of the defendant have been for the past three months connected with the court room by the District Telegraph Company's wires. The sudden additions which every new witness or startling item of testimony has made to the Plymouth church crowd has been for the past few days a source of constant anxiety to the reporters, but, as the disclosure dropped by "one of the faithful" led to investigations which developed the interesting fact herein chronicled for the first time. By means of this telegraphic connection at least 100 members of the "infidential" element in Plymouth church can be precipitated into the sweltering court room before the jurors have taken their seats. A representative of this "infidential" has been posted in such a position that he commands a view of the interior of the jury room, and when the jurors go out to dinner, or change from one room to the other, a signal is made to a man at one of the windows of the Court House, who investigates the movement at once and reports whether or not the jury have announced their readiness to render a verdict. In case of the coming of the jury, the telegraph is put in operation and the "faithful" congregated at the houses of the brethren or connected by special messengers with these localities are to jump into their carriages and hasten to the court room.

THE JURY'S DOINGS. Judge Neilson was on hand punctually at the appointed time, ten o'clock, and immediately on entering the building went to his chambers, where he sat throughout the day patiently waiting for any communication the jury might send him. Judge Morris also appeared on the scene shortly after and anxiously inquired if there was any news from the jury, but, being informed that they had made no sign, he left the building, but dropped in again several times during the day. None of the other counsel in the case were noticed. They evidently relied upon the promise of the Judge to send them an hour's notice previous to the coming of the men for whom so many anxious eyes have been waiting night and day since Thursday last. In the afternoon there was a considerable addition made to the number of loungers, but still there was nothing like the crowd present at any time, that has been usual on every other day since the first commencement of this celebrated case. There was naturally a good deal of discussion indulged in as to probable results, and all kinds of opinion were given, some of them being of the wildest nature.

THE GENERAL IMPRESSION was the same as it has been, viz., that a disagreement is the only possible conclusion. Others there were who gather round them little knots of open mouthed and attentive listeners, to whom they related "the latest information" as to how the jury stood. There were, however, so many different versions in this regard that no one appeared to place any reliance upon the news they heard, not even several county-looking individuals, who had evidently come long distances on the chance of catching a glimpse of the Court, the principals in the suit, the counsel and, in fact, the result of the case. The only persons who were not standing there for them, notwithstanding the trouble and fatigue they had undergone, was to meander listlessly up and down the corridors or around the outside of the building, for, according to Judge Neilson's positive order, the police allowed no one to mount the staircases or to reach the upper floors, which were reserved for the use of the jury, to ensure them quiet and a good atmosphere. This kind of occupation soon wearied these idlers, and they abandoned the dark and dreary looking place, seeking other and more congenial seats.

WATCHING THE JURY. There were yesterday, as on previous days, quite a number of people around, whose only aim and object seemed to be to ascertain what the jurymen were doing. These people braved the dangers of sunstroke for hours together while they remained like so many statues gazing intently upon the windows of the room where the jury were shut up. They appeared to be perfectly happy and contented. Did they every now and again catch sight of

THE UNLUCKY TWELVE. want interferences they drew from their observations one could discover, but they expressed themselves in terms more forcible than complimentary as to the wisdom of the jury in remaining out so long. In fact, the opinion among this little crowd of wonder gazers, which by the way was always changing in its individual character, was that there must be some mysterious influences at work to keep the jury together so long, otherwise they would have been heard from long ere this. As the afternoon wore on there were more and more people who joined the gathering, until by ten o'clock the crowd was quite numerous. The individuals comprising the mass appeared to come from every rank and condition of life, from the ragged little bootblack to the wealthy merchant. PREPARING FOR THE NIGHT. At five o'clock the jury partook of their supper, and, gathering from this fact that there was out little chance of their coming into court, Judge Neilson started for home, announcing his intention of returning at any time if sent for before

eight o'clock, but that he would not open the Court after that hour until this morning at ten o'clock. This announcement was greeted with delight by the majority of the persons congregated about the building, for one and all were nearly tired of the dreary suspense, and nearly every one of the reporters abandoned the scene.

The immediate neighborhood of the Court House is also peculiarly inhospitable; for, whether it has been from the excessive plety and religious scruples of the saloon keepers, or whether it be that the Excise laws are enforced more rigidly in the City of Churches than in other adjacent cities, certain it was that nothing was to be obtained in the form of refreshment. This fact may have had something to do with the crowd being so small around the Court House all day, for discussion, especially if at all loud and continued, is undoubtedly provocative of thirst.

Taking it all in all, yesterday was the dull and most uninteresting day since the jury retired.

JUDGE NEILSON'S EXPERIENCE OF JURIES. At five o'clock yesterday a Herald reporter sent up his card by a policeman to Chief Justice Neilson and requested the favor of a few minutes' conversation. An affirmative answer was promptly received from the Judge and the reporter made his way to the chambers of the County Court, when the following conversation took place:—

REPORTER.—In your experience of juries what are the longest times you remember that they have stayed out deliberating upon a verdict?

JUDGE.—Well, as rare cases I may instance the Charity Commissioners' jury were out a long time—two days and three nights. In the case of the explosion on the Staten Island ferryboat the jury was out two days and two nights and then agreed. To-morrow at one o'clock this jury will have been four days and nights in their room, that is to say, if they do not agree ere then. (It may be remembered that the jury were out in the last trial of Stokes, the assassin of Fisk, from Tuesday at eleven A. M. till nearly midnight on Saturday.)

REPORTER.—It is said that you will not send for the jury till they send you a communication.

JUDGE.—That is my purpose.

REPORTER.—It has been suggested that the jury have come to a deadlock on account of not having some of the evidence and your charge for their perusal.

JUDGE.—I talked the matter over with General Pryor and Mr. Beecher's counsel and they were of opinion that to prevent opening of other issues would be not advantageous to either side to furnish it.

REPORTER.—But, Judge, suppose they cannot get on without this?

JUDGE.—Then the jury ought to let me know it. Mr. Carpenter has served on other cases as jurymen here, and this is a suggestion which would naturally come to his mind and others of his brother jurymen.

REPORTER.—You can give me no jury room information, I suppose, Judge?

JUDGE.—Yes, I can. A jurymen sent word that he wanted to know how his mother was, and I sent an officer to make the inquiry. Another of the jurymen has had the misfortune to lose a cousin since he was locked up. A daughter of one of the jurymen called here to-day and innocently brought a package of clothing for him, wrapped up in a paper, which I took off to prevent its being used as a messenger. There it is, added Chief Justice, pointing to a torn German newspaper on the table.

REPORTER.—See you have allowed the jurymen to have mattresses at night.

JUDGE.—Yes, I don't see any use in crucifying a man while he is doing public duty. The old law was to give the jury no refreshments save water; but that is partially nullified by the addenda, "except in the discretion of the Court," which is the modern practice.

REPORTER.—What do you think about the story published that a jurymen had thrown out of the window a piece of paper stating how the jury stood?

JUDGE.—I don't believe it. I think better of the jurymen than to imagine they would be guilty of such a piece of work. The story also of the ballots being found appears somewhat problematical.

REPORTER.—What do you propose doing this evening, may I ask?

JUDGE.—Well, I shall leave here directly, and if the jury come to an agreement before eight o'clock I shall summon the counsel on both sides, as I have promised, giving them an hour's notice. After eight o'clock I shall not do this, as I think the chances of my even doing the counsel would be small. I do not think that the gentlemen of the press need apprehend any fresh developments, but I am very hopeful that we shall come to a solution one way or the other by Monday.

REPORTER.—This trial has undoubtedly been the longest on record in the United States?

JUDGE.—Certainly; and the jury are almost out a correspondingly long time.

In reply to a last question of the reporter, asking if the Judge would give the jury instructions to-night, he replied, "No."

THIS ENDED THE INTERVIEW. THE ATTEMPT TO INTIMIDATE LOUGHER AND PRICE. It having been reported that the Grand Jury had been or were to be applied to by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher for the purpose of securing indictments against the newly discovered witnesses, Joseph Loader and John J. Price, in a criminal prosecution for libel, a visit was paid yesterday by a Herald reporter to Judge Morris, of counsel for Theodore Tilton, to ascertain his opinion on the subject. He stated, in reply to the questions put to him, that in his opinion the rumor in question had only been published after it was definitely shown to him that the Grand Jury could be taken, and he did not believe either Mr. Beecher or any of his friends or adversaries desired to institute or commence any proceedings against the parties named, "for they know too well," said Mr. Morris, "that the truth has been told. Why," continued the counsel, "I should like nothing better than for them to commence an action of the kind, for then we could get some men on the stand and the public would soon know which side was telling the truth. Then, again, the Grand Jury do not meet again until the fall. The statements you refer to have, in my opinion, been gotten up as an endeavor to counteract the damaging effect on the public mind produced by the publication in the Herald of the newly discovered testimony."

AN INTERVIEW WITH SUPERINTENDENT BELL. For some days it has been rumored in Brooklyn that complications had ensued between the trustees of Plymouth church and Mr. George A. Bell on account of the evidence given by the latter gentleman during the trial. Mr. Bell, it may be remembered, was summoned to give testimony by the plaintiff's counsel, ex-Judge Morris. Mr. Bell has known Mr. Bell for twenty-seven years, and is the principal founder of the Plymouth Bethel, situated in Hicks street, near Fulton. Yesterday afternoon, at half-past two, a Herald reporter called at the Bethel in hopes of seeing Mr. Bell and obtaining his confirmation or contradiction of the stories afloat concerning him. Mr. Bell was found up stairs, giving out a hymn to the hundreds of intelligent looking men, women and children present, who varied in age from five to fifty. The Bethel was founded in 1868, and has 1,250 members, teachers and scholars, and has been developed and built up by the fostering care of the above named gentleman. As soon as the singing was over Mr. Bell took the reporter aside and asked him his errand. The following conversation then took place:—

REPORTER.—News has reached the Herald, Mr. Bell, that you are willing to tell of your present relations with Plymouth church, which are reported not to be as friendly as they used to be.

MR. BELL.—In reply to all these rumors all I have to say is that I warmly disavow any open or concerted hostility to Mr. Beecher, but for many reasons I have decided to remain misunderstood and in silence, and to abstain from the present trial. In reply to a further question, why Mr. Bell did not attend Mr. Beecher's church as he used to, he said that his duties in the Bethel occupied his Sabbath and that on account of his delicate health he was forced to take as much rest as possible. There having been considerable talk to the effect that there is a movement on foot to supersede Mr. Bell in the management and direction of the Bethel on account of the want of sympathy be-

displayed to Mr. Beecher, and for certain other reasons arising therefrom, Mr. Bell was questioned upon this point. In reply, however, he stated that he must be allowed on this point, as on others, to remain silent.

WHY CAPTAIN C. D. DUNCAN WAS NOT A WITNESS. Last night a Herald reporter called upon Captain C. D. Duncan at his residence in South Oxford street, near Fort Greene, Brooklyn, in relation to the fact that Captain Duncan had been three times subpoenaed by the counsel of Mr. Tilton, and was never put on the witness stand, although he was known to have been familiar with the working of the scandal. The Captain, it may be remembered, insisted, at a meeting of Plymouth church, that the stories about the scandal should be investigated and exposed if found to be untrue. For this policy he became unpopular in Plymouth church, and was, in a manner, forced to resign his position as superintendent of the Plymouth church Sunday school. The reporter found the Captain enjoying the cool air on his balcony, and said to him:—

"I have come from the Herald, Captain, to ask you for some particulars of your connection with the great scandal."

Captain DUNCAN (sighing)—Oh, dear!

REPORTER.—Can you tell me how it happened that you were not put on the witness stand in the trial, although you were subpoenaed three times?

Captain DUNCAN.—Well, I was out of town when the subpoenas were served, and in addition to this, I could only have been used for rebuttal, and it was found eventually that I was not wanted.

REPORTER.—Have Mr. Bell and yourself been struck off the rolls of Plymouth church lately?

Captain DUNCAN (laughing)—Oh, I think they can keep us on the rolls a little longer. They kept Tilton out for four years.

In answer to numerous other inquiries put to him the Captain returned but one answer, which was, "I have nothing to say."

THE JUDGE'S LAST WORD. At forty minutes past eight last evening a reporter of the Herald called at Judge Neilson's residence, No. 108 Amity street, to inquire further regarding the programme for the night, in order that there should be no mistake. Ascending to the study of the Judge the reporter said, on entering:—

"I have not come for another interview, Your Honor, but I am here in behalf of a number of warm and worn-out newspaper men at the Court House who are anxious to know whether the court will be opened to-night to receive a verdict or not."

"You may say to your colleagues," said His Honor, with the best of good-natured sympathy, "that under no circumstances shall I reopen the court to-night. It would require more than an hour to notify the counsel for both defendant and plaintiff, and at this time of night I shall not call the counsel together for any report which the jury may have to make."

"And at what hour will you reopen the court to-morrow?" asked the reporter.

"Ten o'clock," replied Judge Neilson.

"Not before that hour under any circumstances," anxiously asked the reporter.

"It will be impossible to get counsel together earlier," was the reply.

This ended the interview.

STREET CAR NOTES ON THE JURY. A CONDUCTOR—I know two men on that jury who can't earn \$1.50 a day in any other way, and as long as they can make \$2 in this way they are likely to stay where they are.

A SOLID MAN—Poor old Carpenter has my sympathy; we turn the scales at the same point, and the weather turns any room into a Turkish bath for him.

A CADAVEROUS INDIVIDUAL ON FRONT SEAT—Before this time I'd have voted to hang my grand-mother.

A BOY—I guess Beecher's friends have fixed that jury, anyhow, and if I was one of the number I'd stay out forever.

AN OLD LADY—I think it's a shame the way Mr. Beecher has been treated, for he is a good man.

AN ADONIS—Well, I don't see so much wrong in this case except that they were found out.

ANOTHER OLD LADY—I have read all the evidence and I can't make out anything at all.

A YOUNG MOTHER—Don't you think Tilton is a wicked man for bringing the charge he has against Mr. Beecher?

A CLERICAL GENTLEMAN—The "raggedest" looking jury I ever saw; I watched them through the window for an hour.

VERY BAD YOUNG MAN—Have they settled what "nest hiding" means?

AN OLD MAID—Thank Heaven I'm not a man!

THE MYSTERY OF A CHAIR. Police Officer McInerney, attached to the Scandal Court, and two other officers, are said to be the only people who know what has become of the witness called while seated in the hall, the ill witnesses gave their more or less truthful testimony. The officer above mentioned says he will reveal the secret after the verdict is given.

TILTON AT THE COURT HOUSE. At half-past nine P. M. Mr. Tilton, accompanied by his daughter Florence, passed by the Court House, but, seeing that there was no excitement, passed along without making any inquiries. Tilton looked well and hopeful.

DIM, DARK AND DISMAL. At half-past one o'clock this morning, when the Herald reporter left the Kings County Court House, not the slightest thing of interest had transpired. The "determined men of the jury," as one of the court officers called them, were still under lock and key, and no one was given that they had either agreed or agreed to disagree. The "campus" under the shadow of the jury room was vacated, save that a solitary policeman paced up and down the stairs, seemingly absorbed in the wondrous quietude of the scene. In the corridors and halls of the marble temple of justice were stationed deputy sheriffs who were only semi-occasionally awakened from their cat-naps by nocturnal visitors. The streets and avenues surrounding the park and Court House were all but deserted, and the pattering of the rain drops, mingled with the echoes of the wind, were the only sounds of life in the vicinity of the scene of the great scandal trial.

NEW YORK SENTIMENT. On summer evenings, the little scattered squares and half circles of green grass in the City Hall Park are fringed with tired and weary loungers who leave their warm and fetid rooms in tenement houses to get that little air there may be found under the skeleton trees of the city park. The benches here are not the most comfortable in the world, and yet many of them are well filled, and those who fill them have their own sentiments about the Plymouth pastor as to what he is, and what he has done for the world. The most of the loungers cannot strike from their minds. It must be remembered that a large percentage of the idlers and weary ones are females, some mothers, sisters, and even little girls, who nestle under the knees of the family head centre and listen to the talk of their seniors with true bliss and implicit confidence that is only begotten by the mind of a child.

One group was noticeable out of twenty others. There were five persons sitting on a bench which was an iron division. Two were women, one of whom was stout and thick-set and had a big, jolly face. This man was the wife of a householder, and lived in the City Hall Park. Her companion was a very lean and thin woman, who was like a cucumber at its point. The three men were rough, honest-looking laboring men, and one of them, the husband of the lean woman, had a long scar on his cheek, which had almost divided his left jaw. The short, stout, thick lady began the conversation.

"Well, I suppose the trouble will soon be over."

had displayed to Mr. Beecher, and for certain other reasons arising therefrom, Mr. Bell was questioned upon this point. In reply, however, he stated that he must be allowed on this point, as on others, to remain silent.

WOMAN WITH CUCUMBER CHIN—How can there be a verdict for both of them? Both of them can't be guilty of the same thing, can they?

SCAM FACING MAN—Wants the use of talking nonsense? Tilton is the man that's getting Beecher, and nobody wants to make him guilty.

ITS OTHER MAN, Beecher, and they say he's got lots of money, and his friends the same way. It takes the devil anyhow where all the money comes from to keep the trial going so long.

SHORT AND THICK LADY—There's always money for that kind of people, and if they haven't any themselves they have plenty of rich men to give it to them; but if you or I wanted a dollar for any of our troubles I think we'd have to wait for it, wouldn't we, Mary? (To the lean woman, who seemed somewhat reflective and conscientious.)

WOMAN WITH THE CUCUMBER CHIN—Indeed, we'd have to wait until the day of judgment.

SCAM FACING MAN—Yes, and beyond it. Whichever there's any poor man in trouble with his wife there isn't any lawyers to come in and offer their services to help them out of it—is there?

SHORT AND THICK LADY—What would the lawyers be doing with it? Sure they say that some of them get \$1,000 a day and all their skin and drink.

SCAM FACING MAN (who joins the group, with a pretty monstrosity and a big club)—Well, are you all at the Beecher business still? I thought that the night was a little too hot for it! But I suppose the city has gone crazy. I just heard Jimmy Fuller—you know Jimmy Fuller, he's in the race for Assembly next year, if the split keeps up in Tammany Hall. I just heard him bet over in Broome's \$20 against \$10 that Beecher is going to go under in this racket.

SCAM FACING MAN (in a very incredulous manner)—Where'll he go under—Beecher?

PARTY POLICEMAN—Go under? Go under, in the water, or contrary?

SCAM FACING MAN (not at all mollified by the policeman's assertion)—The devil a drop of water Beecher'll drown. Look at the way he talked the other night! He must have a back bone like iron. Bismarck is nothing at all to him, only that they say that Bismarck walks the women alone.

PARTY POLICEMAN—We hear enough about that. Bismarck is the same as other men. But Bismarck, they say that he won't allow the newspapers to put in anything about him. That's what's killing Beecher faster than a door nail.

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